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KENAI LAKE YCC

1/4

R10/50

Chugach National Forest.



KENAI LAKE YCC. Kenai Lake Youth Conservation Corps, Chugach National Forest, Forest Service,
Department of Agriculture (Pouch 6606, Anchorage, Alaska 99502). January 1979, Series No. R10-52.

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THIS IS YCC

It is a home away from home. You settle down in cabins with 5 people that are strangers and after awhile, you start to feel like sisters or brothers. The whole camp is that way. Sure, we have our grievances, but we all still love each other deep down in each other's hearts. We work together and become one big happy family. Now my view of the world is with everything from the tiniest lichen to the beautiful mountains. YCC camp makes you appreciate nature as a whole.

Patti Aberly



This Yearbook was produced by the enrollees and staff of the 1978 Kenai Lake YCC Camp. There were 2 sessions held. Each was 5 weeks in duration. The work and environmental education sections of this book combine both sessions. The remainder of the book is divided into two parts, one for each session.



Our Camp Director, David Cohen, "Dad".



Look at our industrious, hard working Staff.



That's the worst job of camoflauge I've ever seen Warren!

OUR STAFF!



Well Mr. Lucky Leprichaun, I want a



Let's hear it for our cook!



There she is, Miss America.



I'm just a little angel.



Watch out men, Marbeth is here!



Hanging out at the crewhouse.



Wait till Dave hears about this one.



Bob Kanegis at Clam Gulch.



Even Val had fun at Clam Gulch.



At camp even the staff had a good time, Right Caroline?



Back to front, left to right: Helen Lane, Carol Loopstra, Dan Kirschner, Caroline Reeves, 2nd Row: Danny Cole, Jim Cunningham, David Cohen, Heather Stein, 3rd Row: Barry Silver, Tesha Pederson, Warren Berg, Jan Caulfield, 4th Row: Valerie Finger, Susie Irwin, Jerri Jo May Amundson, Nancy Larson, 1st Row: Sora Meders, Liz West, Marbeth Johns, Laura Mendelsohn.

HARD AT WORK!

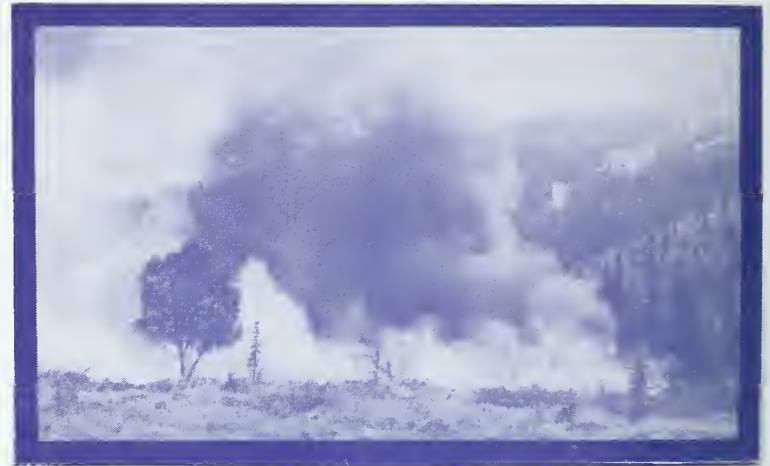
WORK PROJECTS

(1st Session)

Moose Burn
Portage Pond Rehabilitation
Russian River Trail Construction
Ptarmigan Creek Trail
Crow Pass Plane Wreckage Removal
Moose Range Project
Russian River Cleanup
Nestbox Construction
Rainbow Lake Resurfacing
Crow Pass Road Brushing
Romig Cabin Maintenance
Mull Mining Campsite Removal
Spruce Pull
Palmer Creek Road Reseeding
Aspen Flats Cabin Trail



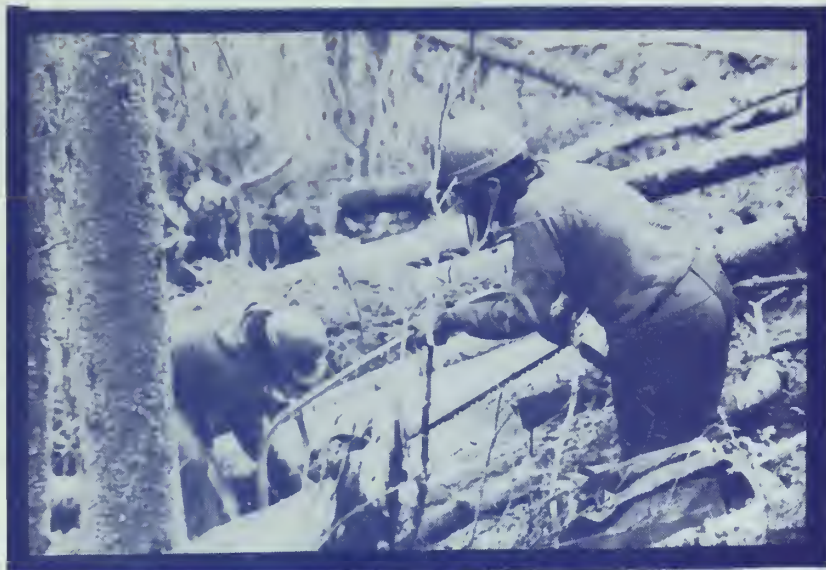
BOTH SESSIONS GIVE SPECIAL THANKS
TO DENNY FOR HIS HELP AT RUSSIAN RIVER!



After all the hard work on the fireline, Moose Burn is finally burning.

(2nd Session)

Ptarmigan Creek Trail
Moose Burn
Russian River Trail Construction
Nestbox Construction
Spruce Pull Road
Runway Construction
Portage Campground Post Digging
Lost Lake Trail Survey
Portage Staining
Fish Weir - Lower Russian River Lake
Portage Trail Maintenance
Moose Creek Interpretive Trail
Cooper Lake Ramp Building
Ptarmigan Creek Gabian
Aspen Flats Cabin
Fence Building
Stream Cleanup
Russian River Cleanup



Helen and Linda work hard at Russian River.



Peeling logs isn't fun and games, Right Scott?



Securing logs at Russian River.





One of the cabins at Kenai Lake that received a coat of stain.



Staining tables is no picnic!



We dedicate these pictures to all the stained hands, clothes



Nestbox Construction



" "

THOUGHTS ON WORK

Hard work describes today's work. I did nothing but gravel, stain logs, remove branches and cut firewood...
... we worked long and hard, earning our days keep.

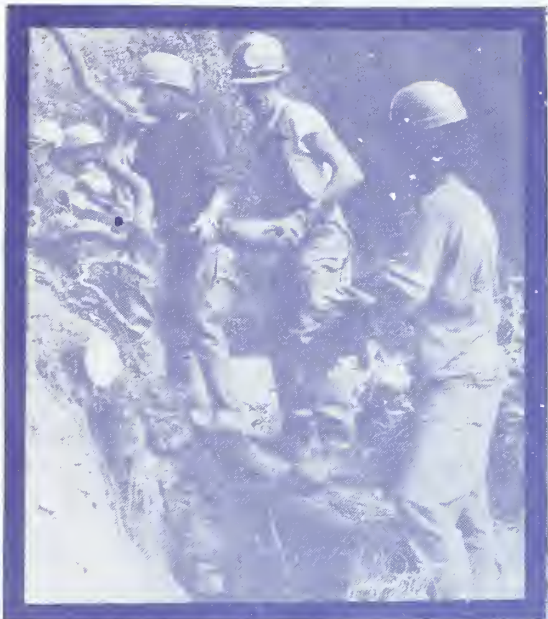
Joe Dexter

I have learned..."that people don't realize how hard it is to clean up everything that they drop or don't pick up".

Junior Ay-Ay

Here on our work project I think we have accomplished a lot and had fun at it.

Lisa Gluth



Teamwork assembly-line style on the Ptarmigan Creek Gabian Project.



10 Ready to go early in the morning.



Chopping clay on the Portage Pond Rehabilitation spike camp.



After spike, even the vans need a thorough scrubbing!



Taking a break for pictures at Russian River.



The Lyman Nichols spike loading up for a busy week.



Teamwork makes the difference.

YCC SONG

Some people say we're made out of mud
By YCC is muscle and blood
Muscle and blood and skin and bone
With a mind thats - well? - and a back thats strong
You pull 16 acres and what do you get
Another day older and stronger yet
Dave Cohen don't you call me cause I cant go
I owe my soul to the spruce pull.

I woke one morning when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my pulaski and walked to the line
Dug 16 miles of ditch that day
And the straw boss said "well you went the wrong way"
Another day older and stronger yet
Dave Cohen don't call me because my head won't turn
I owe my soul to the moose burn.

I woke one morning when it was pouring rain
We hiked 16 miles up to Ptarmigan
Well we dug those trails up and down
And before we were finished we're signing our wills
You hike 16 miles and what do you get
Another day older and stronger yet
Dave Cohen don't call me it'll be to no avail
I owe my soul to the Ptarmigan Trail.

I woke one morning we were out on spike
Picked up my timber tongs and took a little hike
We hauled 16 logs up and down
If the tongs don't get ya then the drawknives will
You haul 16 logs and what do you get
Another day older and stronger yet
Dave Cohen don't you call me cause I can't deliver
I owe my soul to the Russian River.

I woke one morning, wasn't feeling so fine
Dragged myself up and I told Heather Stein
Well she put me in the van with the rest of the sickies
And a couple in the back with severe hickies
You haul 16 kids and what do you get
Another day older and sicker yet
Dave Cohen don't call me, you'll have to find another
I'm going to the trailer, going to call my Mother.



Pulling spruce is a back-breaking job.



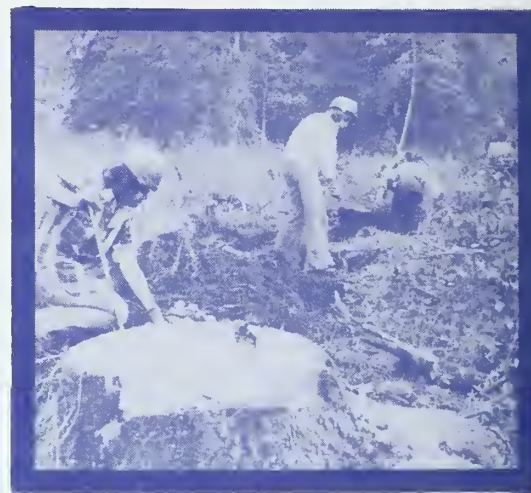
Eddie demonstrates the use of "toenail clippers."

A SONG TO PULL SPRUCE BY

Why do we pull spruce
 Why do we pull spruce
 Because it's good for the moose
 Because it's good for the moose
 Well we do it everyday
 In a very special way
 We cut em down to the ground
 When even one is found
 Well the squirrels don't like it,
 no, no
 And the porcupines don't like it,
 no, no
 And the spruce worms, they don't like it,
 no, no
 And the spruce cones, they don't like it,
 no, no.
 You see, we take away their food,
 And thats very very rude
 Oh why do we pull spruce
 Oh why do we pull spruce
 Because it's good for the moose
 I say why do we pull spruce?
 Because we love those funky moose.



You mean I just peeled a log for nothing?



Breaking sod at Moose Burn.



Even hard at work we take time to smile.



Loading the van for another week at spike.



Building the Gabian at Ptarmigan Creek.

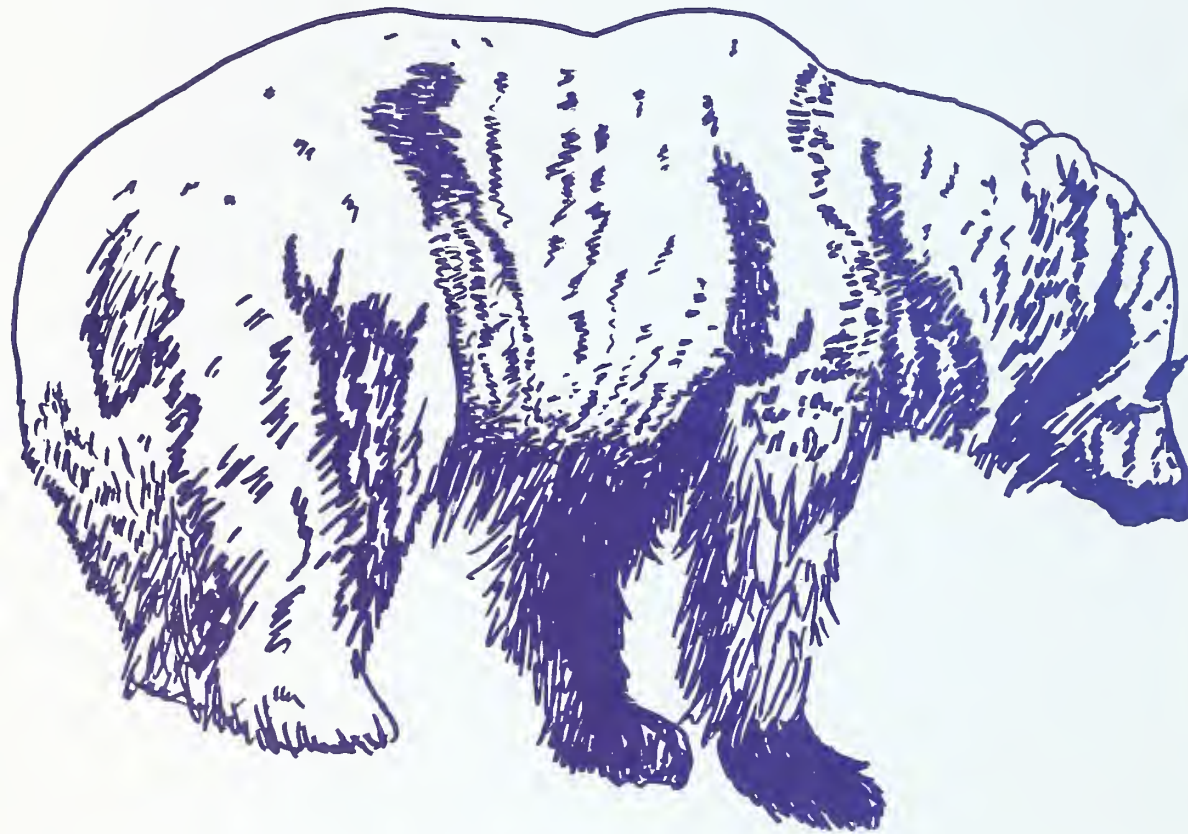


Posing for a picture at Moose Burn.

The work we do at the YCC gives me a feeling of accomplishment that doesn't come with many other jobs available to kids my age. I can walk over a trail and say with pride, "I helped build this". That trail will last for years, for everyone to enjoy. I really feel the work I did was beneficial and important. It was also a very interesting and fun experience.

Salena Morrow

ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION



Our E.E. Coordinator,
Jerri Jo May, demonstrates
how to survive in
the wilderness.



After gathering wild plants they are cooked for edible plant brunch.



Stopping for a break after a plant identification hike.



Carolyn and Bob lead E.E. in the Civic Center.

The Moose Exclosure was great. I liked all the different plant life in the exclosure - how it was a big difference! Identifying wild flowers is great. It is a big thrill to find something and know what is it!

Danny Cole

In one of our E.E. Programs, the question was posed, "What is it like to be blind?" We were then all blindfolded, and this is what some of the people said:

I would rather see the beauty than only be able to hear, feel, and smell it. I'd be missing out on too much.

Diane Bradshaw

As it (blindness) came sweeping over me, I felt as though I had stepped off the planet Earth and entered the doorway to another dimension. I felt...lost...insecure, but also inquisitive and curious. My senses of touching, smelling, and even taste, felt as if they had become alive...

Rod Meeks

In that brief moment when my eyes were blocked and I couldn't see, I knew what blindness is. It is never seeing color, a face, a stream or waterfall. The simplest path becomes complex. It is so much easier to forget about your senses. But once you lose one, even for a moment, you appreciate them all once again.

Salena Morrow





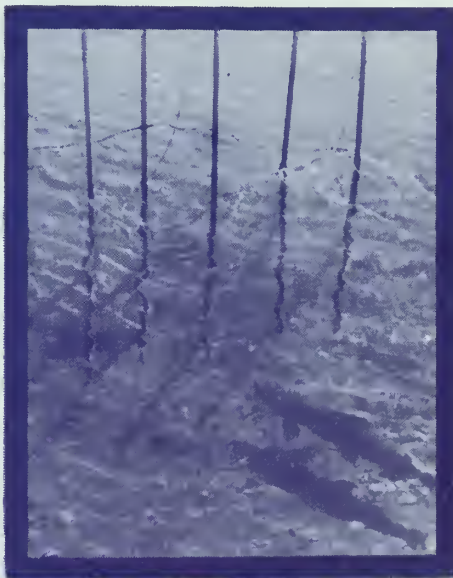
Moose, such as this baby, were commonly spotted.

This morning a Marmot was watching us while we were eating breakfast. He looked pretty curious at our being here. It was really neat. They're pretty funny and cute animals sometimes.

Lisa Gluth

Today I watched for Dahl Sheep but there were none. It's really nice to be outside with the sounds of nature.

Diane Sharon



Salmon swimming up Russian River to spawn.



Helen holds Joshua, our adopted Spruce Grouse.



Randy, Laura, and Dede watch for goats.



Bit off more than you could chew, didn't you Jim?

Really, you guys. I do know how to read a map!



Jeff and Dolly watch salmon at the Fish Weir.

OUR SPARE TIME



Scott sets the vollyball while Patti looks on.



Admiring the view.



Playing volleyball with the YCC'ers from the Moose Range.



Jim we know how you like to fish, but isn't this a bit much?



Danny shows his form in horsehoe pitching.



Off on an overnight hike to Lost Lake.



The people exchange.



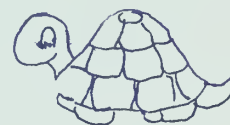
Lars and Bo could really move when they weren't working.



Leg wrestling drew quite a crowd.



Lars can really get into his games.



Scott stretching out for another big event.

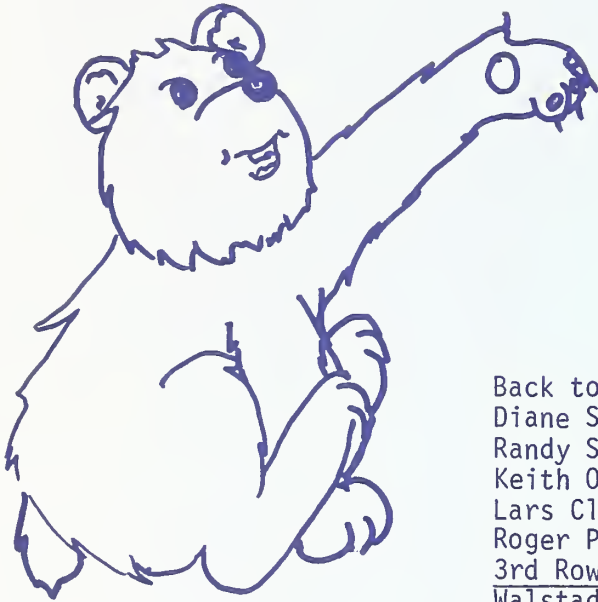
Here They Are!

The

BUSH WHACKERS

YCC GROUP PHOTO

(1st Session)



Back to Front, Left to Right: Andrew Dekreon, Carolyn Rovier, Scott Bruso, Diane Shaver, Bo Fannin, Brian Jones, Barry Silver, Liz West, Danny Cole, Randy Sourada, Derek Kelley, Bryan Carey, Larry McIntosh, Rita Niemann, Keith Oester, 2nd Row: Tesha Pederson, Eddie Frye, Danielle Porterfield, Lars Clinton, Michelle Hopper, Donna Hicks, Ranate Moore, Martin Henry, Roger Perkins, Gladys Commack, Lynda Commack, Ramona Commack, Helen Lane, 3rd Row: Salena Morrow, Laura Frietag, Mark Jardine, Kenny Kimler, Karen Walstad, Steve Kostlin, Bob Radke, Jess Marquez, Valerie Williams, Harriet Vent, Amelia Downy, Front Row: Emilio Ay-Ay, Norman Goff, Bill Norton, Chris Campbell, Rod Meeks, Monet McFarland, Shirley Howard, Lisa Gluth, Patty Aberly, Carol Marshall, Jim Tallman, Winonah Knapp, Edward Holman, Richard Scott, Rebecca Jameson, Cynthia Seuffert, and Gary Cox.



A 4TH OF JULY SPECTACULAR



After all our hard work on the float....

THE SEWARD SIZZLER

CONSTRUCTED BY:

Salena Morrow
 Danny Cole
 Carolyn Rovier
 Lisa Gluth
 Jim Tallman
 Patti Aberly
 Laura Freitag
 Mark Jardine

POWERED BY:

Bryan Carey
 Brian Jones
 Eddie Frye
 Randy Sourada
 Rod Meeks
 Danny Cole
 Winonah Knapp
 Patty Aberly

Liz West
 Salena Morrow
 Carolyn Rovier
 Jim Tallman
 Lisa Gluth



It received the Mayor's Trophy and the trophy for the best Youth Entry.



The artists take a break.



A truly memorable day in Seward.



Yes, we are complete. We even have our own engineer.



Our encouraging crowd that made us No. 1.

Thoughts . . .

POEMS FROM FIRST SESSION

Love each being and love each sunrise
and sunset, for there will never be another like it.
Chris Campbell

I love to go hiking
to walk among fresh-smelling flowers
Feel the pleasantness of a light breeze
and bask in the solitude and peace
that such an experience gives
It is worth the sweat, aching feet
and pressure of a heavy pack
to finally reach a destination and
enjoy a feeling of accomplishment
Helen Lane

Rain
Soggy, Cold
Squish, splash, sniff
Somebody light a fire
Downpour
Bob Radke

Life is for loving,
laughing, knowing,
doing, saying, learning.
Life is for people and
life is for having friends.
Life is for everyone.
Lisa Gluth

Falling rain
Summer pain
End it please
Marbeth Johns

Whales
Huge, Smooth
Plunging, Diving, Laughing
Wish I could follow -
Sea Riders
Bob Radke

So many questions
fly through my mind
The why's of the world
are never far behind
There are answers to some
and to some there are none
Nature is one of man's
most complicated reserves
For the mind that wonders
Wonder
Monet McFarland

While the sun is shining on the rocks
My mind was on its thoughts
Oh how can man be so thoughtless
As to break those beautiful, shining
rocks?
Bryan Carey

I remember
rain, wind, mosquitoes
yet the painted lake
from the mountain
Hard climb
Numerous flowers throwing
kisses down the valley
Funny, snow still remains
patching the mountain like
moth holes in an old green coat.
Rita Nieman



Tug-of-war took the strength of everyone.



No, we are not the campfire girls!



Derek, what's wrong?



Frisbee on the grass.

Bathroom Bull

Q. How do parrots stay on their perches?
A. They use polygrip!

Q. Why do you use this stall?
A. You know
A. Because it is serene
A. Because I'm an exhibitionist.





Kenai Lake



Can't decide which way to go?

Sayings...

Carole M.- What can I say
Cindy S. - This trip is totally incredible..
 oh yeah...whatever
Patty A. - Leave me alone
Danny C. - Check it out, get this
Tessa F. - Nobody ever listens to me
Gary C. - What time is it?
Bill N. - Someone stole my.....
Shirley H.- You dumb broad
Amelia S. - Uh-uhh
Monet - Can you believe it
Renate M. - I need a cigarette
Barry S. - When, what, where, who, why
Keith O. - Hey, you want to buy this?
Mark J. - She's okay. A dollar I don't
 even know you.
Laura F. - He's okay
Lars C. - What's the matter with your
 eyes old man?
Eddie P. - Tessa, cut it out!
Michelle - For sure
Salena M. - Hi, how's it going
Carolyn R. - Its not orange, its red
Rita N. - Oh shoot
Karen W. - Want to know the definition
 of a double Petunia?
Randy S. - If you provide the transportation
Jim T. - Where is Lisa?

Chris C. - When is dinner?
Lisa G.- I got mail?!?
Helen L. - Be nice to the short people
Becky J. - Hi
Winonah K. - Did I get a letter?
Donna H. - Knock it off you guys
Rod M. - By golly - totally tight and
 pretty fair

STAFF

Dave C. - Is everybody happy?
Jerri Jo - Eeee Eeee (over and over)
Heather S. - No, you'll have KP tomorrow
Sora M. - Come on you guys, you know
Nancy L. - Well I think....
Dan. K. - Busted, your mama
Susie I. - Those guys!
Valerie F. - Oh yeah
Warren B. - For sure -
Jim C. - My Grandfather has this set of tools....
Marbeth J. - No way
Carol L. - I do not sleep in my hardhat!
Jan C. - M-m-m-m-m-m
Caroline R. - Get to work
Laura M. - That would be great!

CLOSING DAY



Music kept our spirits up at camp and also provided entertainment.



Why do we pull spruce?



Handing out an award to another unsuspecting subject.



Jim tells it like it is.



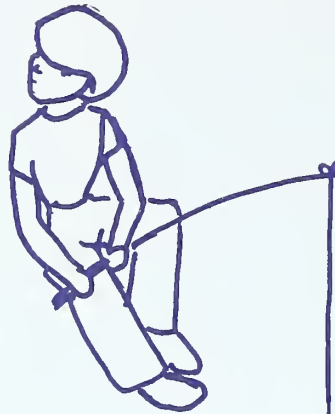
HERE ARE THE PACKRATS!

(2nd Session)

Back to Front, Left to Right: Raneë Randall, Mark Cruthers, Kari Cowan, Lisa Gluth, Danny Cole, Liz West, Mary Shiffer, Barry Silver, James Stiltner, William Hudson, Gordon Carlson, Dean Roberts, John Dennis, 2nd Row: Kathy Roberts, Dolly Custer, Scott Quier, Sharon Hickey, Juli Greene, Mary Trefon, Sara Dayton, Angela McCullough, Tesha Pederson, Jeffrey Vincent, Joan Greene, 3rd Row: Joseph Dexter, Michael Duffy, Tannie Marsh, Lisa Moore, Beth Finch, Lennie Dietsch, Doug Jessee, Scott Walston, Steven Williams, Joseph Bailer, 4th Row: Salena Morrow, Tracy Holder, Laura Pilkington, Glen Kenley, Michelle Giffon, Richard Adams, Martine Springer, Deidre Hathhorn, Hope Paulson, Gary Monica, David Hubburd, Chris Edwards, Shannon Curry, Front Row: Randall Pugh, Rod Meeks, Steven Farmer, Louis Sullivan, and Tim Abrell.



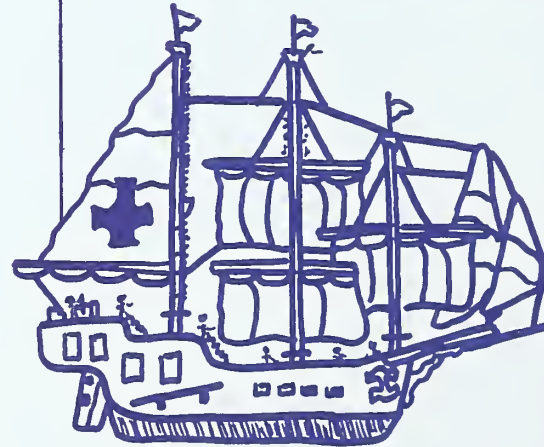
AFTER THE WORK IS DONE



Three IS company.



Here's Randy.





Yes folks, a miracle.
Kari is smiling.



Onward and upward.



You can't stay dry and clean digging for clams.



Feeling the breeze at
Clam Gulch.



Dick, Aren't you ever serious?



"Got this peaceful, easy feeling..."



Who said, "One is the loneliest number"?!?



Thoughts . . .

POEMS FROM 2nd SESSION

The sunset is breathtaking. Grassy bodies of orange fire
shafting through the silky cotton-like clouds
Where the sun had once been
There was a fluorescent orange and pink haze
At the first moment I observed it
I felt the adrenaline shoot up my spine
and it seemed to fill my chest with a glorious sensation
of peace
and oneness with nature.
My consciousness was filled with the beauty of life.
For a split second
all my troubles and worries were gone!
Dick Adams

Hiking

Beautiful scenery
warm weather, sunny
smell, touch, hear
fun

Sarah Dayton

Sun

Hot, bright
power rays, tanning
life to everything
fun

Danny Cole

Circle of spirits
Eight ways of looking into the fire
fog filling in the spaces
between the trees
sounds of snow water
traveling to the sea
climbed a tree to find the wind
and lose the flies.

Laura Mendelson

Last night of spike
Thoughts and stories
fill the air.
The fog brings people
closer to the fire
And in turn closer together.
The problems and troubles
are now far behind us
Only now do we feel tired
Tomorrow we will leave Lost Lake
with our river of memories of the last 4 days
To reappear in our minds in times to come
Sharing was only one part of our group growing
From here we will leave with Friends.

Martine



Shannon over the high bar.



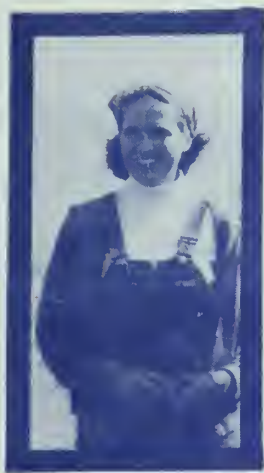
Olympics wears everyone out, right Dave?



O.K., so Rod's team did win. Do you have to brag about it?



Louis piles on the Buck Buck.



What's happen-
ing?



Coordination - a big part of the
three-legged race.



Going crazy.



Hey there, Danny Cole!

A Loner by will

Green lays a meadow with patches of flowers
with colors of violet and red and yellow.
Next to the meadow lies a dense forest separated
only by a lake and small river.

In this forest there was a small trail,
hardly worn, seen or traveled.
Secret and hidden, used with care,
for this person wanted to be neither seen or heard.

This small trail the person took care of,
led to the largest, widest tree ever seen,
lived a loner, snug and warm for winter or
cool and shady for summer.

A loner by will, independent and strong,
he despised civilizations lousy intentions of
cities, and streets, and all that pollution,
styles of furs and the wasting of nature.

This man, he tried to revise their ways,
live with nature and forget about greed.
"For need," said he is the best way, living
with it instead of against it.

Civilization retorted his thoughts,
drove him away and spat in his face,
"Those thoughts," said they, "would never work,
there's no profit, and leisure and ease for us."

Cried the man did, late into the night,
never had he given such a vital fight.
To lose something so great that was never his,
something so vast, to be respected and never owned.

As he left the world he loved,
he said, "I've done all I could. I leave you now".
In his world, he was free, living a life he loved.
He lived off the land, so precious to him.

Civilization found him out, ready to kill.
"You are different", they said, "We want you dead".
They tied and lashed him, and beat him.
Then they used his tree, his house, and hung him.

Now today, the tree still stands,
all is natural, beautiful, and free as he left it.
Except a rope, tied to the tree that sways in the wind,
telling us "Civilization is Uncivilized."

Joan Greene





Who dropped the plastic bag?



Sometimes it gets to you.



I thought it was illegal to park on the curb!



Buck Buck is such a friendly game.



Satisfying a life long ambition
to be a totem pole.



Kenai Lake



44 Pausing for pictures after a hike to Lost Lake.



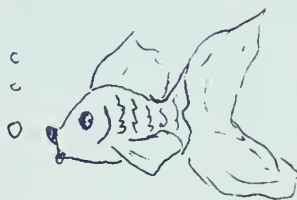
Tanny



At YCC - we're one big, happy family!



Home sweet home!



The one and only -
Jim Stiltner.



Tesha smiles for the camera.

Sayings . . .

Tim A. - Yeah, when I was in the Boy Scouts...
Dick A. - For sure
Joe B. - Shut up, Be quiet
Diane B. - Eh?
Gordon C. - Go to H----
Danny C. - Joker
Mark C. - His one-of-a-kind laugh
Dolly C. - Eskimo Power
Sara D. - J.C.
John D. - You went the wrong way
Joe D. - Where are all the chicks?
Lennie D. - Whoa
M. Duffy - Nothing
Chris E. - Hey Man
Steve F. - Whaling away
Beth F. - Hey Danny
Lisa G. - Really?
Michelle G. - Alright
Joan G. - Back in Adak....
Juli G. - Was Steve good?
Dede H. - Get those babies
Sharon H. - I'm really upset
Tracy A. - Your mama
Dave H. - Are we gonna have a dance Friday night?
Bill H. - Alright
Doug J. - Oh no! Not another one!
Glen K. - Heavy Duty
Kari C. - Hey kids, hello kids
Helen L. - Good morning
Tannie M. - (Giggles and laughs)
Angie M. - Eskimo Power
Rod M. - I love it
Gary M. - Yeah, I guess I wanna go home
Hope P. - Are you talking about me?

Tesha P. - Life is rough
Salena M. - Hit the person's name
Laura P. - You bet
Randy P. - Do it to it
Scott Q. - Really
Ranee R. - I'm getting outa here
Kathy R. - Don't say that about Hooper Bay
Mary S. - My nose
Dean R. - Hey Dan
Barry S. - Smile
Martine S. - You betcha
Marty S. - Da
Jim S. - (Says anything and everything)
Louis S. - Shut-up Jim
Jeff V. - KMA
Scott W. - Oh man
Liz W. - It's great - I love it
Steve W. - Shut-up Chris

Staff

David C. - Is everybody happy?
Jerri Jo - Ee Ee Ee
Heather S. - No, you can't change crews
Sora M. - Woooh
Nancy L. - Well....
Dan K. - In there
Susie I. - Those guys
Valerie F. - Go for it
Warren B. - Are you into it?
Marbeth J. - Hey are you going to work today?
Carol L. - I gotta go on spike again
Caroline R. - Oh, its no big deal
Laura M. - Oh wow

CLOSING DAY



Liz and John.



Closing day Ceremonies.



Our last picnic.



Saying Goodbye...



GOODBYE!

Now we're in the van. Its hard to imagine that this is it. But it's over and we are left to ourselves....it is with eyes on the future, a smile on our face, and memories carefully tucked away in our brains, that we go forward to face the challenges of the rest of our lives.

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